


CPCC
035
1999

# Judges

## Art



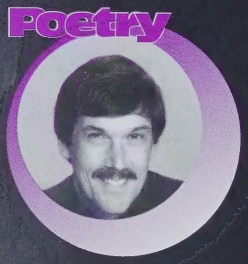
Susan Brenner is an Associate Professor in Drawing and Painting at University of North Carolina at Charlotte, where she has taught since 1991. She received her Master of Fine Arts from the University of Southern California and her Bachelor of Fine Arts from the San Francisco Art Institute. She exhibited her work nationally as well as locally in venues including Los Angeles Contemporary Exhibitions, the University of Colorado, the University of Maryland, the Mint Museum, and the North Carolina Museum of Art. She was a 1992 recipient of the Southern Arts Federation/NEA Regional Fellowship Award in Painting and Works on Paper, and a 1994 North Carolina Artist's Fellowship.

## Prose



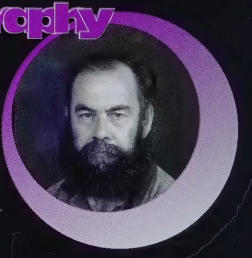
Dede Wilson is a well-respected and published author of more than seventy poems, short fiction pieces, and an historical memoir. She was named a reader in the Blumenthal Writers and Readers Competition in 1997, served as a panelist and a member of the Steering Committee for CPCC's Literary Festival in 1998, was President of Charlotte Writers Club from 1996-98, and is currently serving on the North Carolina Writers' Network Board through 2001. She received her Bachelor in Journalism from Louisiana State University, and has held the position of Travel Editor on The Dallas Times Herald in Dallas, Texas.

## Poetry



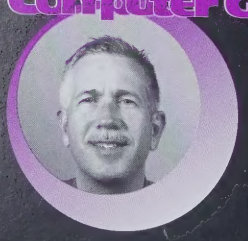
David Radavich is an accomplished writer who resides in Charleston, Illinois. His works include Slain Species, a collection of poetry, Nevertheless..., a play in two acts, and By The Way: Poems Over The Years. Over a dozen of his plays have been performed Off-Off-Broadway and around the U.S. He has published scholarly and informal essays on poetry, drama, and the contemporary writing scene. Recipient of numerous writing awards, Mr. Radavich was named an Illinois Distinguished Author in 1995.

## Photography



Phil Moody's list of fine art-related accomplishments is long.Phil brings his experience from the east coast of Scotland, having attended the Ediburgh College of Art and the Moray House College of Education, both of Edinburgh. He has a Master of Fine Arts degree from the University of Michigan, and has used this education to teach others about art. Aside from his current position as Associate Professor of Art at Winthrop College, Phil has taught at the Light Factory, the University of Michigan School of Art, and at the Royal High School in Edinburgh, Scotland. He has captured many awards, not the least of which have been South Carolina Professor of the Year for the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, the Rock Hill Chamber of Commerce Teacher of the Year, and the Winthrop University Outstanding Junior Professor Award.

## Computer Generated Art



Eldred Hudson, a well-decorated graphic designer (having been awarded two National Advertising Awards (ADDY), a Graphic Arts (Feature Design Award), and several National Life Communicators (Gold & Silver Design Awards)), has been a leader in the academic division of the graphic design / illustration / electronic media industry at University of North Carolina at Charlotte since 1988. He was awarded permanent tenure and a promotion to Associate Professor in 1994, and now holds the title of Graphic Design Coordinator. He has received four grants for the creation of artwork and for the study of American Film Title Design. He is currently working on a reference book and video on title design, is actively designing on a freelance basis with a number of select companies, and is currently planning a solo exhibition of his artwork for the fall of 1999.

# Creative Arts Magazine

**Imagine.**

No other word in the English language has such potential- potential for the good, the orthodox, the norm; potential for the daring, the heterodox, the outlandish.

No other word could come as close to capturing the essence of life. Still, any translation of life can only be as blurred and uncertain as the life that lies patiently before each and every one of us, untouched.

**Why?**

Life is colorful.
Life is bland.
Life is exciting, and at the same time boring.
Life is the soft fluidity of individual fantasy chaotically merged with the jagged harshness of uniform reality.
Life is the reflection of slices of our souls as seen through our windows.
Life simply is. It exists, and for anyone to have the effrontery to try and capture it, either on canvas, film, or through words can be appalling.
An action to be denounced.
Applauded? Celebrated.

It is in the spirit of this shameless boldness of creative expression that we proudly present to you **Keystone '99, CPCC's Creative Arts Magazine.**

Through the pages you hold in your hands is life, in its endless forms, tones, and ideas.

It is tiny glimpses into the frames of life that talented artists chose to give us.

It is benign, taking the observer to lands where pianos fly and an artist holds his life for all to see in his hands.

It shows us the shattered sanctity of a blood-stained church and questions God's treatment of man, after man himself invented Him.

It explores the glory of freedom as six women dance in a kitchen, unburdened by life's worries, and imprisons us with the reality of the changes time can create on forgotten landscapes. It bathes us in the silent pride of a woman's profile in heavenly light and drowns us in the stentorian voice of the dangers of drug abuse. It is the pure lovechild of productive minds that borders on blasphemy.

**It is art.**

# Table of


*Flying Pianos* Alice Walters 13
*Blood* Kelley Clayton 28
*Look at Me, I'm Flying* Carolyn Ison 21
*Woman in the Light* Cathy McBride 5
*Rodin's Eve* John Pflug 8
*Nautical Mode* Jerry Austin 24
*Falls Church Snow* Mimi Kortheuer 8
*Oranges* Jane Love 25
*Fall Bougee* John Puszier 25
*Happy Mood* Maria Elena Lozano 24

*Untitled* Emmie Tuller 10
*My Band, 6am* Kelley Clayton 15
*Godzilla* Jodie Steele 18
*Untitled* Robert Boyd 22
*Interior* Dan Simeone 23
*Self Restraint* Marianne Buttner 23
*Forgotten* Kathy S. Jerolimic 19
*What Are You Looking At?* Steelie Kluttz 6–7

4 *Untitled* R. William Burnett
12 *Untitled* Robert Durden
17 *Surrounded* Honour Heirs
20 *Flame Azalea on the Parkway* William Mirrelees
5 *Untitled* Darlene Watts
20 *Change of Time* Elizabeth Gleaves




**"Every artist is not a special kind of person. Every**

# Contents

## ART


*Cabin Fever* 6
Melissa Sawyer

*G-Forces* 26
Melissa Sawyer


## PROSE


*Heart of a Sinner, Soul of a Saint* 27
Anthony Rodriguez


## POETRY


*Autumn* 14
Kate M. Gregory

*Garden of Sorrow* 11
William G. Snyder

*Old Cat's Lament* 11
Gary Weiss

*For Lack of Thumbs* 22
Melissa Sawyer

*In Our Kitchen* 19
Jessica Anne Squires


## BIOGRAPHIES


30-32


## B/W PHOTOGRAPHY

## COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY


*Longing For Faith* 9
Marianne Buttner

*In My Hands* 16
Nathan Warren

*Spying Eyes* 29
Jodie Steele


## COMPUTER GENERATED ART

## 1st Place Color Photography



Untitled

R. William Burnett



The very quiddity of these persons - faces you may pass



Woman in Light
Cathy McBride
Oil on Canvas



Untitled
Darlene Watts
Color Photography

every day, faces that see life as no one else can, or will-

# Cabin Fever

The sun was just about to burst over the distant hills when Mary Bowen stepped onto the porch, letting the screened door slam behind her. She held a steaming mug in her left hand and a 9 mm semi-automatic in the other. She walked to the end of the porch that was still shadowed and settled into one of the chairs, propping her bare feet on the bottom rung of the railing. She placed the gun on her lap and tucked her nightshirt beneath her legs. Her eyes scanned the edge of the clearing that stretched out from the cabin.



This used to be her favorite time of the day, when soft pastels stretched across the sky, and the earth was at rest. Not long ago, Mary would have welcomed the peaceful isolation that surrounded her family's log get-away. She would have noticed that the leaves were changing and that the dried-up garden needed plowing. She would have heard the waking birds. But now Mary was sure she was losing her mind, and she took little notice of the start of a new day. For weeks now, she had been haunted by feelings of dread which only worsened as her mind reeled with suspicions. As she peered at the dark edge of the woods, gripping the butt of the pistol, she felt it stronger than ever. Someone was watching her.



From the far end of the field, the sunlight crept over the dew that lay on the grass like gauze sprinkled with glitter. Mary watched the edge of the woods, feeling the weight of the pistol in her lap. At first she was terrified of the gun, but over the last few weeks it had become as comforting as the teddy bear she'd carried around as a child. The gun gave her a sense of security, and like the teddy bear, she carried it with her everywhere. Now she was glad that she had let her father talk her into buying it.

"I don't understand why you want to hide away...," he said that day in the parking lot of PMS Guns-N-Ammo. "Dad, for the thousandth time, I'm not hiding. My editor's screaming for those revisions, and I'm running out of time. I can't believe you brought me *here*. I've told you, I don't need a gun. What I need is to be alone. So I can

She almost laughed at the thought, but just the absurdity of the thought slowed her racing mind. She took a deep breath, closed her eyes, and fought the urge to run barefoot and half-naked to who-knows-where. Suddenly she knew she had to confront the intruder who had disrupted her life for so long. She'd use the gun to chase him away. And if wouldn't leave, she'd just shoot him. It was the gun that got her into this trouble, and it was the gun that would get her out.

That day at the gun store, she wrote the cabin's address on the registration form.

"I know jest where yer stayin'," Lester whispered as she was lifting the boxes that held her new gun and bullets. "I'll come visit real soon, so ya don't get lonely." Then he winked his good eye and laughed.

Mary's blood roared in her ears, but she could still hear him speaking those words. And now she felt the dampness of the morning closing in on her. Mary gently set the empty mug on the porch railing. She felt like she was in a trance, moving in slow-motion yet wound tight as a spring. She pulled hard on the side of the pistol, sending a bullet into the chamber. She flipped off the safety and held the gun near her shoulder in both hands with the barrel pointing to the sky, the way she'd seen the Angel's do it on TV. Then Mary spun past the window, stopping next to the door, her back against the wall. She'd tried to see inside as she moved past the window, but she'd seen only the reflection of a mad woman, haloed in sleep-disturbed hair and holding a gun.

*I am an Angel. I am one with my gun*, Mary thought, the image of herself caught in mid-spin spurring her on, giving her an odd sense of courage that kept her moving. She looked quickly through the door but seeing nothing but the shadow before she pulled her head back. Then Mary opened the screen and slipped inside, letting the door close gently behind her.

The instant the door tapped shut, the suffocating silence was ripped apart. She heard something heavy fall onto the porch. She heard the jiggle of the doorknob in the kitchen. Mary ran across the den that opened to her left and crouched behind the

Across the room, the chair exploded in a cloud of dust and cotton batting. She stumbled backward, watching the fire flash from the barrel as another round ripped into the wall. She couldn't control it. The gun was controlling her, pushing her around in a circle as it kicked out bullets. She watched her hand jump, again and again, as plaster dust flew around her and pictures slid off the walls. After the last bullet ricocheted off the stone hearth and slammed into the floor, Mary heard the man shouting.

"Stop shooting."

His voice seemed small and distant through the echoes of the gunshots, but it was familiar.

"Stop shooting," her father repeated. In the distance, the phone rang again.

Mary staggered backward, her face frozen in a silent scream. She tried to push herself away from the gun, tried to drop it, to fling it down, but her fingers remained firmly clamped.

"Mary?" she heard him say, closer now. She backed against the sofa, sat down hard. Dropping the keys between her feet, she pried the gun from her other hand, finally letting it fall heavily onto the coffee table before her. She sat back fast, her chest heaving, the smell of burnt cordite choking her. She stared at the gun, her face frozen in a silent scream. Then Mary slowly moved her hands to the sides of her head and held on, paying no attention to the ringing phone.

She heard only the steady bump of heels crossing the floor, pushing her deeper and deeper into the cushions. She felt, drained, her limbs heavy as lead weights, and she dropped her hands to her lap. The phone rang, bleating tiredly now, outside the confusion that seemed to smother her.

She felt him touch her shoulder as he passed behind the couch. She watched him walk to the desk and pick up the phone. She heard the low rumble of his voice.

"I'm sorry," he said. "You've got the wrong number."



Mary watched him slowly turn, looking over the damaged room. Putting his hands on his hips he shook his head, then looked at her. "Mary," he breathed. "What the hell were you thinking?"

Suddenly Mary was on her feet, racing at him .

"How could you?!" She screamed. "You scared me to death!"

She pounded on his chest with her fists, pushing him hard against the desk. He gripped her arms, trying to stop her flailing. Her wild eyes flashed, her hair stuck to her face. She sprayed him with spittle as she pounded and shrieked.

"I almost killed you! I thought you were Lester. I told you I didn't need a gun! This is all your fault!"

Black & White Photography: "What Are

1st Place Prose

is what is displayed here for all to see, to ponder, to

to have some protection. Make your dad happy. Get a gun. Please?"

She chose the Walter PPK-S.

"Good choice," the wall-eyed salesman said around the tobacco in his mouth. The embroidered patch on his stained shirt read Lester. "It's small, but it'll put a man down. C'mon, I'll show ya how to use it."

Still watching the woods, Mary shuddered at the memory. She remembered looking for her father as she followed Lester to a back door. She recalled how uncomfortable she felt, alone with him behind the store, not knowing which eye to look at as he showed her how to load the clip and work the slide. Mostly she remembered almost retching when he handed her the gun, then moved behind her and ran his rough hands down her arms. He smelled of stale beer, and his unkempt beard bristled through her shirt before she broke away from him. She asked him what he was doing



"I jest wanna show ya how to far the thang," he said. She remembered him leering at her, exposing his yellow teeth, then spitting a brown stream into the dust at her feet.

Mary's stomach soured at the thought. She stood and emptied the untouched coffee over the railing. Her eyes scanned the treeline once more, and just as she turned to head inside, she saw it. A jagged line of footprints stretched across the field, past the garden, and around the corner of the cabin. Mary stared, her mouth dropping and her heart pounding. She moved to the chair to the end of the porch and looked over the railing, following the footprints. They stretched straight to the door of the old barn at the far end of the property then turned and led to the back of the cabin. Her blood froze in her veins.

*Oh, my God!* Mary whirled back to stand rigidly against the wall of the cabin, next to the big picture window. *It's him! I knew it! This is crazy. Okay, okay. Just think.*

But Mary couldn't think, at least not rationally. She looked at the cabin door then at the gun in her hand. Her mind raced. She heard her father say, "You can't be too careful." She imagined Lester pointing at a paper target, telling her, "Squeeze, don't pull." She recalled watching "Charlie's Angels" on TV when she was a kid, and now wondered if there was such a thing as Zen and Firearms.

*I am one with my gun.*

door scrape the jamb, a sharp bang and the rat-tat-tat of a string of firecrackers. *No, not firecrackers*, Mary remembered.

Just the week before Mary had carefully balanced a can full of marbles atop the door frame. Now the man was caught in her trap. She felt the floor shake beneath her as he fell. She heard his scuffling as he tried to get back to his feet. He fell again, and marbles pinged hard against the wall behind her. She sensed he was angry and worried that she would really have to shoot him. And with that in mind, she panicked.

Terror pounded in her chest and squeezed her throat. Hidden in the shadow of the chair, she realized she was cornered, trapped by her own stupidity. Pretending to be a super-cop, she had blundered into real life. She had no business confronting an intruder. She was just Mary Bowen, terrified woman, squatting in a corner, holding a gun. *I must be insane,* she decided. Then she took a deep breath and raised herself up just enough to peek over the chair.

Only her eyes moved, darting around the room. She saw the smallest details with sharp clarity, noticing that the painting next to the fireplace was hanging askew, and a spider web was growing in the next corner. She saw a loose thread waving from the arm of the sofa and her car keys fanned out next to the phone on the desk. She saw…fanned out…her car keys!

Relief welled in Mary's chest. She looked at the door, then back at the keys, blinking at the burning tears. The keys stood out sharply, beckoning her. Forgetting all caution, she bolted for the desk.

She tried to grab the keys, but because she had been gripping the pistol with such force, her stiff fingers refused to unbend. Mary willed her left hand from the gun and groaned at the effort it took to pick up the keys. Then she spun around and started for the door. She got as far as the sofa, when, right behind her, the phone rang, its piercing bell startling her. She stumbled against the sofa, squeezing the gun as she regained her balance.

The gun went off, sending a bullet through the leg of the table next to the chair. The reading lamp crashed to the floor. The force of the blast pushed Mary back a step, and she looked in amazement at her jerking hand as the gun fired again.

"I could've killed you! Are you trying to drive me crazy?!"

"MARY!" He gave her a hard shake.

For an instant their eyes locked, then Mary collapsed. Her body jerked in his arms; her sobs were muffled against his chest. He held her up until she stood on her own, then he gently moved her onto the sofa. He pulled a handkerchief from his pocket, stuffed it into her hand and sat behind her.

After Mary had dried her face and blew her nose he asked her, "Want to tell me what's going on?"

She told him how she felt she was being watched, how it had started right after buying the gun. She told him about her experience with Lester behind the store and his threat to visit. She confessed that her days were spent peering at the edge of the woods, expecting Lester to creep out.

"I'm not getting any work done," she finished, watching her hands twist the handkerchief in her lap. Her father placed his hand on her forehead.

"Yup. You got the fever," he said.

"I'm not sick, Dad. I'm just a little tense."

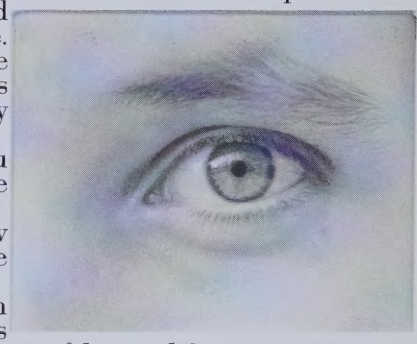
"Nope, it's the fever, all right. You see, the same day we bought the gun, Lester stuck a .44 Magnum in his belt and shot half his leg off. He's been in the hospital ever since."

Mary was stunned.

"Are you sure?" She asked, her voice no more than a squeak.

Her father nodded gravely. "When I left here that day, I saw an ambulance at the store. I stopped to see what was going on."

Mary looked down in shame. Her father put his arm around her and pulled her close. They sat in silence as the minutes slipped by. Mary spoke first.



"Dad, why'd you walk through the woods?"

"How'd you know I went through the woods?"

"I was on the porch and saw footprints in the dew, coming out of the woods."

"Oh." Her father looked down at his boots, still stained wet around the soles. "Well, I cut through the woods, because I got my truck stuck down by the creek. I thought I could use your car to drag it out. I found a good, strong chain in the barn."

"Oh, well," Mary said, her voice stronger now. "Before you do that, you need to clean this place up."

"Me? Why should I clean it up?"

"Because this is all your fault." Mary tried to sound stern as she rose wearily to her feet. "And since I didn't shoot you, I think it's only fair."

She watched him look around the room.

"Okay, okay," he replied to her questioning gaze. "But I don't think I'll be able to find all your marbles."

"That's okay, Dad." Mary turned and stared out of the den. "I won't need them anymore." She stopped at the hall and looked back. "I'm ready to go home."



# EYES

ultimately enjoy. " Art depicts an aestheticism that either



Falls Church Snow
Mimi Kortheuer

Oil on Canvas

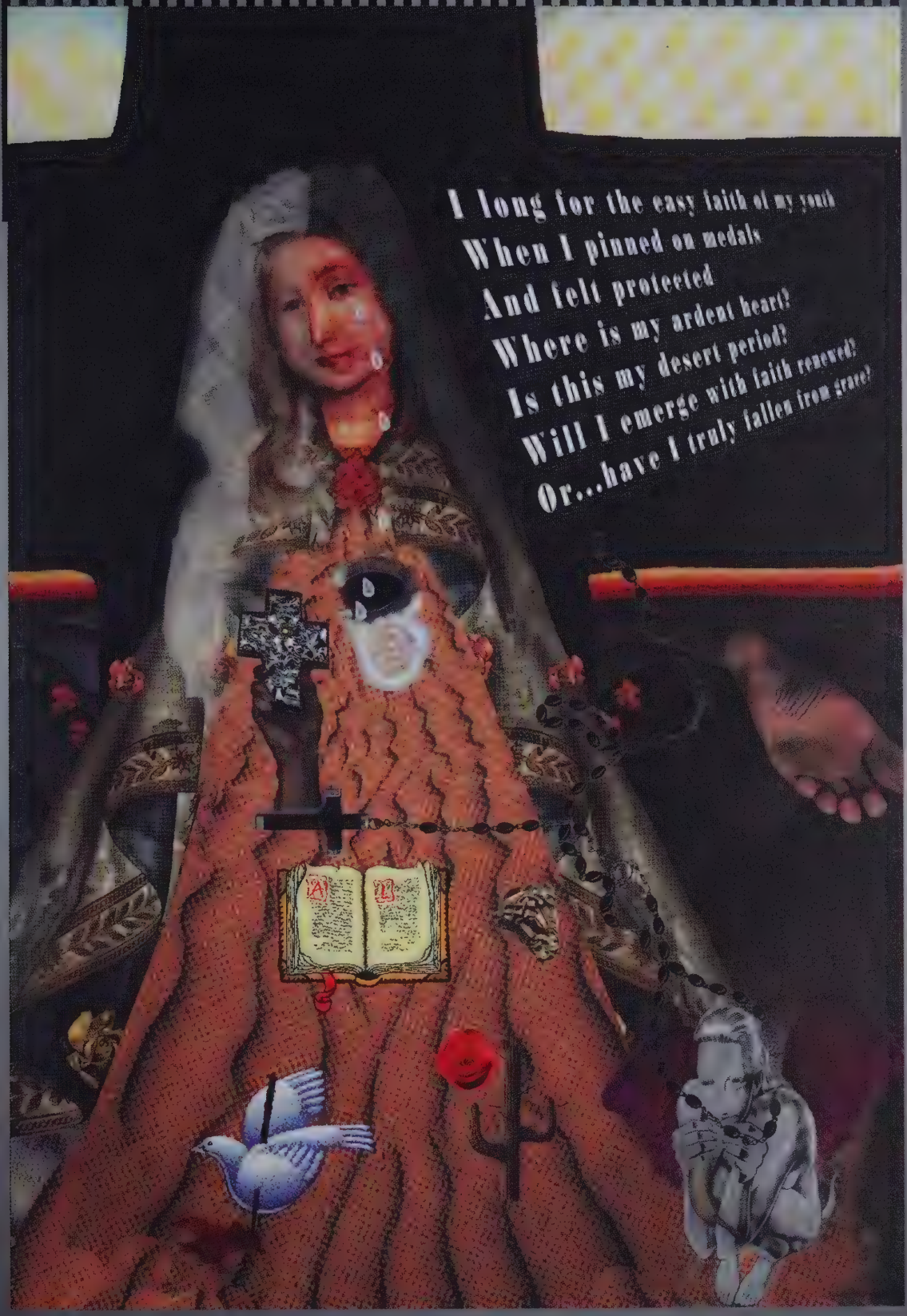


Rodin's Eye
John Pflug

Oil on Canvas



incorporates a manipulative process o a natural




1st Place Computer Generated Art

## Longing for Faith

Marianne Buttner

## Black & White Photography

## 1st Place



# Untitled

Emmie Tuller



of life and humanity. - Honour Heirs "Life is art. It

## Garden of Sorrow

William G. Snyder

2nd place

Poetry

Arlington...
Freedom's garden of sorrow.
Countless cultivations.
Painful plantings
In stiff solemn rows.
Seeds of liberty
Sown in the terror
Of long forgotten battles.
Watered by the gentle rain
Of endless silent tears.

## Old Cat's Lament

Gary Weiss

3rd place

Poetry

The age'd cat's once-sleek belly
now droops
in unfolded flabs.
Once-quick, his paws
now plod
heavily.
His misted eyes mirror less
of the world
he'd so much seen
and loved,
the antenna'ed ears barely
listen.
The nose wiggles more rapidly,
perhaps compensating,
trying to remember,
perhaps...
The late-night cuddles
have become
fewer, shorter:
the age'd cat suspects
the end,
and sighs.

**y way of the artist's expression that all can see this art-**



Untitled
Robert Durden
2nd place
Color Photography



this life."-Kathy S. Jerolimic Such an experience of complet

This side up



# 1st Place Art

## Flying Pianos

Alice Waters

Oil on Canvas

The wind came back,
heaved himself from the horizon,
dragged his feet across the earth,
sighing and yawning,
his voice hoarse from the
disuse of summer:
All those stock-still days,
without a cloud,
when the air was so thin and frail
we feared it would crack
beneath the weight of the sunshine.
The wind came back,
and we took umbrellas,
knowing what this meant.

## Autumn

Kate M. Gregory

## L' Automne

1st Place

Le vent est revenu,
en se soulevant de l'horizon,
en se traînant les pieds à travers le terre,
en gémissant et en bâillant
sa voix rauque de la
lassitude de l'été:
Les jours immobiles
sans nuage,
l'atmosphère si rare et faible,
qu'on en craignait la fracture
a cause de la lourdeur du soliel.
Le vent est revenu,
et nous avons apporté nos parapluies,
en comprenant ce que ça signife.

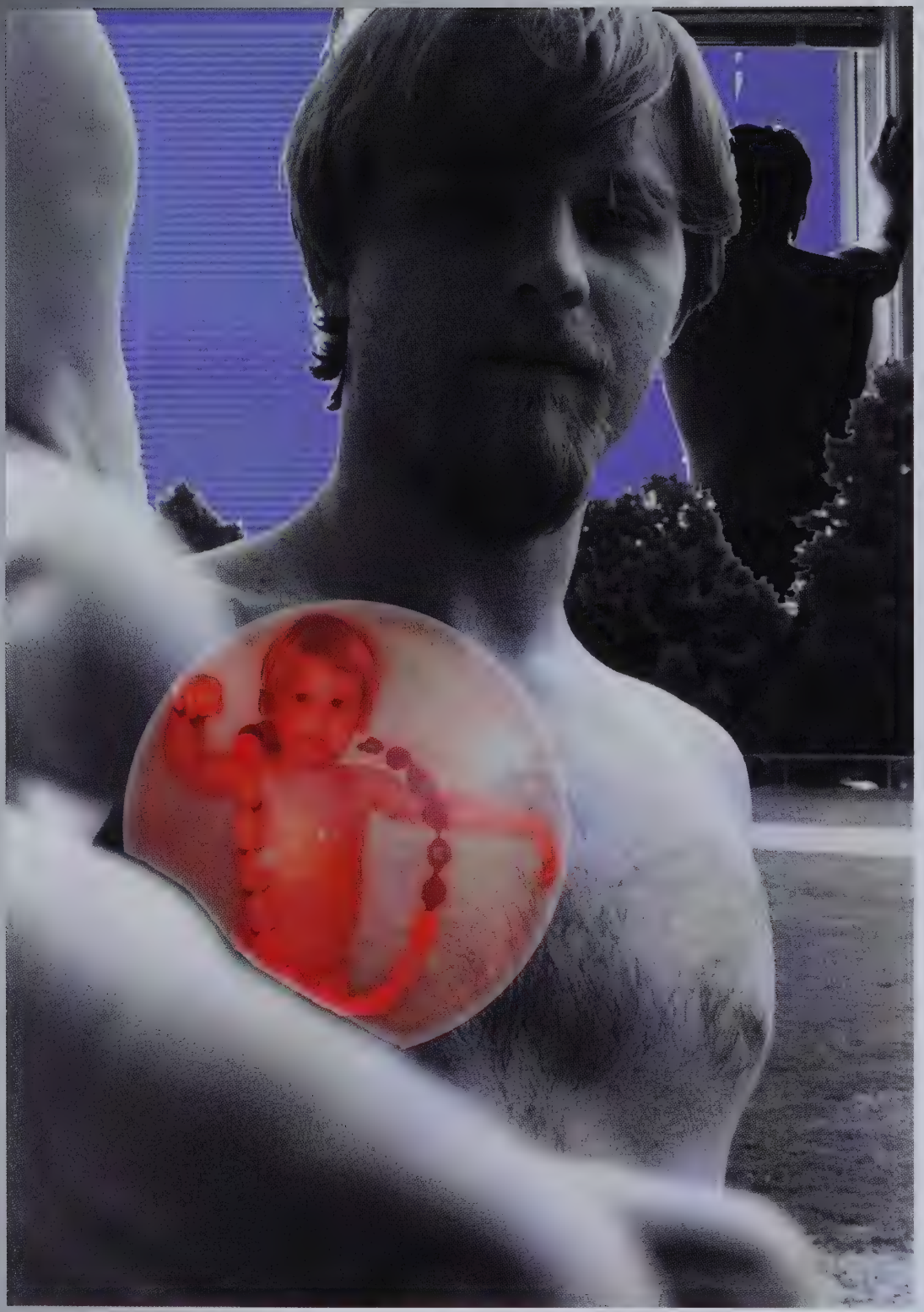



My Band, 6am

Kelley Clayton

2nd place

Black & White Photography



## In My Hands

Nathan Warren

2nd place

Computer Generated Art



the artist, is w[illegible]t we give to you, the reader. We are not jade



## Surrounded Honour Heirs

3rd place

Color Photography



Godzilla

Jodie Steele

3rd place

Black & White Photography



the ugly. We have built upon our knowledge of its rules in order



## Forgotten
Kathy S. Jerolimic

Black & White Photography

## In Our Kitchen
Jessica Anne Squires

Poetry

My mom in blue jeans, a t shirt, and socks;
my four sisters and me in the same.
Within the smallness of our kitchen walls,
we are playing our dancing game.

The little cheap radio above the fridge
blares out oldies songs.
We're laughing and dancing and singing
and doing them all wrong.

Using hairbrushes and spatulas
we are producing a wonderful show.
Our Mummy is the dancing queen
teaching us everything we need to know.

With a swing of the hips at "Bop."
And a fling of the arms at "Bee."
A turnaround if you can find the space.
Another warm chocolate chip cookie.

A giggle, a slip,
Mom's swinging rope.
This is how
we have learned to cope.

No money, no man,
no night on the town.
But here in this old kitchen
Not one of us frowns.



Flame Azalea On the Parkway
William Mirrelees

Color
Photography



Change of Time
Elizabeth Gleaves

Color
Photography



This kaleidoscope of pieces of virtu ha truly lived up



## Look At Me, I'm Flying

Carolyn Ison

3rd place

Oil on Canvas

o its title, **Keystone.** It is indeed the central supporting

## For Lack of Thumbs

Melissa Sawyer

Poetry

In his own image, man drew gods
on the walls at the backs of the caves,
scratched on rock with sharper stone,
etched in ash and mammoth blood.
While lightning flamed and thunder rocked,
lava flowed, the earth did quake,
cracking chasms straight to hell.
Man fornicated not knowing why,
brought forth life and wondered how.
He knew of death and feared that end
so scratched his image larger than
the mighty mastadons.
Man made gods for all his fears,
to his questions they responded.
Deciding that it was to be,
these beings neither touched nor seen,
man blindly followed from the caves
across the barren sands of change.
With so many gods to appease
man soon saw what greater ease
it was to worship only one.
Man stumbled through things unexplained,
like droughts and famines, wars and plagues,
hallucinated burning trees,
heard voices screaming from the sky,
and tried to please his wrathful god
by sacrificing first-born sons.
Man learned to write and recorded then
the legends passed to each new age.
When the god stopped speaking
to the starving man, the story ended.
Did man ever wonder why?
The canine brain was less complex
than that of humankind,
and for his simple lack of thumbs
the dog did not create a god,
a mirror image in mammoth blood
on the wall of a smoky cave.
The fearful dog never wondered why
the man-made god had no place
for his very thumbless canine soul
when his mortal body died.

## Untitled

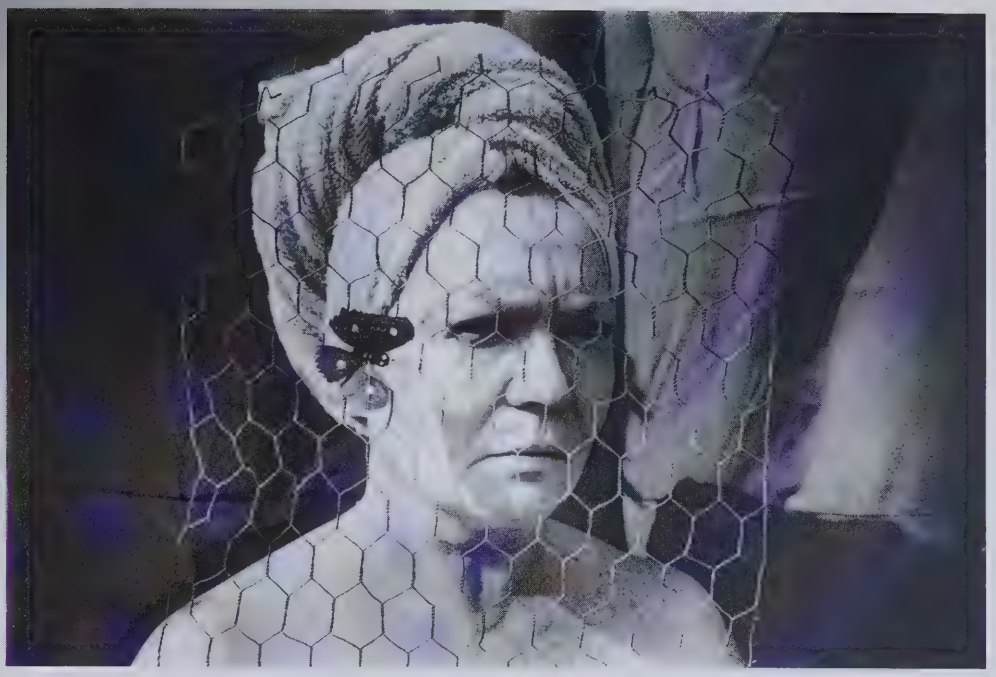
Robert Boyd

Black & White Photography





element (art) of a whole (life). It is a new standard



## Self Restraint
Marianne Buttner

Black & White Photography



## Interior
Dan Simeone

Black & White Photography

for those who follow. it is more than worthy



## Happy Mood
Maria Elena Lozano

Oil on Canvas

## Nautical Mode
Jerry Austin

Oil on Canvas

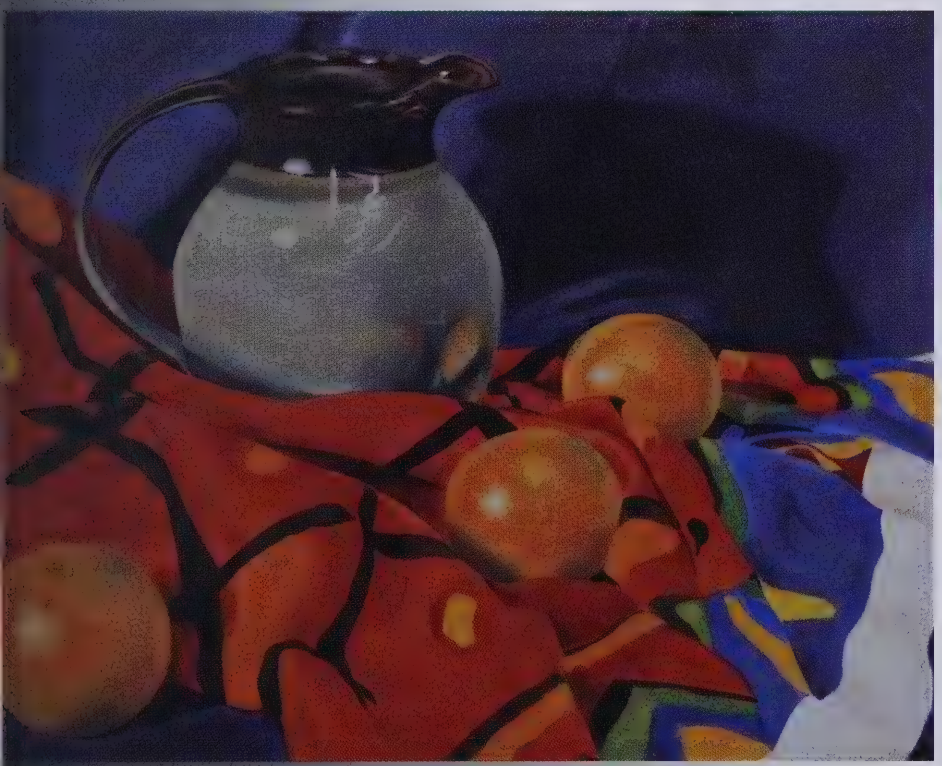




of carrying the creative torch of the students of our



Fall Bougee
John Puszier
Oil on Canvas



Oranges
Jane Love
Oil on Canvas

# G-Forces

Melissa Sawyer

2nd place

Prose

# ....I Wonder Whatever happened to Zotz...

Some days I just can't focus. One thought rambles into another almost unconnected thought. Something like, this reminds me of that reminds me of the other thing that reminds me of this again in the end. Like when I walk into this convenience store to buy life savers, and I wonder whatever happened to Zotz, those hard candies with the fizzy stuff inside. I remember riding down to Wallace's store at the end of Sardis Road before Fairview Road existed, and Southpark was just a field. Landsdowne was still a suburb then, when Barbara, Beth, and I pedaled our Schwinns down that two-lane road to waste our allowances on Zotz, Giant Sweetarts, Chick-o-Sticks and an RC or Cheerwine. We'd sit next to our bikes in the hot Piedmont sun and suck those Sweetarts till our tongues bled. We'd chew up Zotz and laugh at how our faces contorted when the sourness gripped us under our jaws and stretched our mouths toward our ears. Our tears made road maps in the red clay dust that powdered our faces, we laughed so hard.

"Try to laugh without smiling," my brother Tim said later, one night at my house. We tried it over and over between bouts of raucous laughter and hysterical giggling, only to determine that it's impossible to laugh without smiling. Earlier that day, my neighbor Milton had brought over some string beans he'd grown. Tim broke one open, removed the green seed inside, and stuck it halfway into his nostril.

"I only do this when I'm on a date," he explained, straightfaced. "And when the girl looks at me funny, I say, 'What's the matter, do I have something stuck in my teeth?'" Tim bared his teeth and swiped a finger across them, as if to underline the shiny green blob hanging from his nose.

He told me about his comic book idea. "Imagine this," he said. "The earth's atmosphere has deteriorated to the point where humans can only be exposed to the sun if they're completely covered with SPF 3000 for protection. TanMan and his sidekick, LotionBoy, fight the evil Dr. Luna, who's seized control of all the SPF 3000 and is threatening to destroy it unless all earthlings acknowledge him as Ruler of the Universe."

My stomach hurt from laughing so hard, and I could feel my tears streaming cool down my face, dripping off my chin.

"The girl's name is Lily Alabaster," Tim continued. "Stop laughing, there's gotta be a girl. What's the matter, is something stuck in my teeth? Is there a booger in my nose? What?"

Tim smiled and took the bean out of his nose, and after a while I let out that big sigh that happens at the end of a good muscle-cramping laugh.

"Have you ever tried to NOT sigh when you stop laughing?" Tim asked.

It was then I realized something I guess I already knew. It's those laugh-ending sighs that keep the laughter going. I knew it way back when Tim was just a toddler, and I was laughing with Barbara and Beth down at Wallace's store, chewing up Zotz, pretending we were astronauts and it was really G-forces that made our faces look that way.

I wonder now what Christa McAuliffe thought when the G-forces pulled at her face, later when no one was laughing and I was ashamed of how arrogant we had become as a nation. Ashamed of our arrogance in becoming complacent enough to think we were invincible. Invincible enough to send a school teacher from Concord, New Hampshire hurtling into space and take it for granted that she'd come back safe. And now, here at this CircleK that used to be Wallace's store, I'm ashamed by my thoughtlessness for taking up space in this aisle, wasting time, wondering about the existence of Zotz as if it really mattered, when Christa McAuliffe will never sigh again, and all I came in for was Life Savers.

# Heart of a Sinner, Soul of a Saint

Prose

Anthony Rodriguez

The transition from the cold, drizzly night to the sultry noisy room was sickeningly familiar to Angel – he had done this countless times before the last two years. As the steel door quickly creaked shut behind him, he looked at and nodded to each of the massive men standing motionless on either side of the portal. They recognized Angel's tall slime frame and goateed face easily.

"Been a while," one of them said.

Angel didn't respond.

He smoothly weaved between the undulating bodies all around him. Electric blue, fire red, and blinding white captured a frame of each person's rhythmic movements. The tight clothes, darkened with sweat, accentuated their figures. Not one of them was cognizant of his presence; save the straying eyes that fell upon the silver reflective cross hanging from his neck. Angel was silent, pensive, studying the entranced people with a reminiscing eye. If only they knew what each second was sucking them towards....

The electronic drug blaring overhead pounded mercilessly in Angel's head, attacking him as it always did. Flashes of the past passed before his dark eyes repetitively, momentarily – he saw himself a part of the intoxicated congregation, felt the line of sweat down his back, felt the hypnotic lights mystifying him, felt the steel in his vein, the intrusion of life, the intensity, the amplification of the universe....

Angel paused midway through the room, looking up towards the lights, squinting, catching bare glimpses of mirrored glass where his audience waited. *They were watching;* he watched them back. He remained a statue amongst the sea of weeds all driven by the same wind, all moving the same way, headed to the same fate. The occasional hand or arm or thigh touched him, wiping the beads of rain from his leather jacket. More than once a breast or buttock of a faceless woman brushed against his body, beckoning him to join them again, to breathe in the beauty again, to amplify his world. Again.

Angel let his eyes fall from the painfully bright ceiling, then continued on his journey. It had been two years since he'd done this; since he defiled his soul, something his heart never forgave him for. Subconsciously Angel's thumb paused for a second as it swept against his pocket. His knuckle felt the tube of his syringe, he could almost feel the soft crackle of the plastic sandwich bag holding his homemade goods. Had he forgot to bring it? His callused hand dug into his pocket. No, *it was there*...all there.

Angel's destiny was heavy upon his back – the memories assaulting him added to the burden.

His sister – his life – eleven and the center of attraction of the neighborhood boys high with puberty. And she always flirted – showed off her developing body. One boy went to far, waiting until Angel went away to the service and taking her behind the high school football field bleachers, bashing her pretty face in, fracturing her jaw, breaking her nose; breaking her – violating her.

Three years later Angel returned after his discharge. It was one month and one full day (thirty days, twenty-four hours) until Angel found out who killed his sister's spirit – who violated him.

Angel was twenty at the time, having already served a term in the hall for armed robbery and assault. Then came the army, where the powers that be conveniently overlooked that page of his life. Then his defiled heart was let back into society.

Angel was going to be good this time – he swore it. He even truly felt it. Threatening others, hurting others, stealing from others like he did before he was collared...the drug called crime had lost its hold on him. That rush through his arms, legs, heart, that he felt as he carried out a sometimes hastily-planned plot to give him cash to travel for a bit, was extinct. He even tried it again to make sure, but it didn't feel the same. Angel's soul was sanctified.

Until he came home and fell in love. Her name – *Heroin.*

She made him feel like no heist ever did; ever could. When she dipped into his veins, his world was so intensified, yet so benign all at once; the euphoria was multi-orgasmic. So he kept visiting her. Soon the crimes he had been doing to excite him became the means for paying admission to see his woman. His addiction. His heroin.

She made him kill that boy. She drove him here.

Soon, Angel's cacophony of thoughts came full circle and he was here again. Walking, being victimized by the flashing lights – the rhythm he and his woman had made love to countless times – again. He recognized some hollow faces as he slowly ascended the steel stairs to the room – doors always open -- which had been his second home for so long. The faces didn't see him, though. They were busy loving his woman.

Inside the room was just as the photographs in Angel's brain had captured it: Rail-thin veterans sitting back, some giggling to silent jokes, others twitching, talking to people not there. The newbies: still acceptable-looking to society, but slowly being lured by his woman, still unsure of it all. No matter what, though, you could never resist.

Angel was like that once. He could never resist.

Now, he was cured of his woman. But now, oddly, but definitely not without cause, he wanted her again. He wanted her steel piercing him, her rainstorm of pleasures. Angel stepped over a couple rocking silently on the floor, and found a seat. Plopping into the old stained leather, he sat, removing the paraphernalia from his pockets. If anything, this was the right place to make love to her. Again.

Angel slowly removed his jacket, then rolled up his black sleeve. Far away he heard the electronic torture of the dance floor, the fabricated moans of pleasure from a whore across the room, all suppressed by adrenaline. His mind wandered again, just as it always did, ever since he was a boy.

That boy was just that – a boy. Fourteen. *Jesus.* Angel and his boys beat him till he coughed up blood, then tied him to a metal chair in the basement of a crack house on the South Side, keeping him there for fifty-three hours. Finally, when the kid stopped crying and talking, and started going to sleep more and more, Angel sent in a dealer to cut his throat.

The beginning of an illustrious career washed hundreds of times over with the thick crimson of victims. Angel's victims.

Angel clenched his jaw, holding back tears. *Why?* Why had Angel been so heartless? It was his woman. She made him feel so good while he was punishing the kid, hurting all his victims that

Angel blinked, wiping tears away. None of that mattered anymore. Angel got what he deserved.

His woman made him sick.

The brutal irony of it all was almost comical. Angel had received an honorable discharge, but people just didn't seem to want a vet on their payrolls. People had no respect, no hearts, if you asked Angel. They drove him to his woman.

*No.*

Angel brought this upon himself. He *chose* to love this whore and she let him be numb while he killed for money just so he could pay to come see her so she could make numb again so he could go kill again and.... *Christ.* Angel was a slave. And while he languished in that bondage he became careless. Careless about who he shared his woman with, which flesh-and-blood women he came inside of unprotected. Somewhere along that jagged line someone shared a secret with him, a secret he didn't want to know. A secret that made him sick.

Angel finally caught the fever.

Angel filled the syringe, then squirted some liquid into the stale air, watching it glisten in the muted lights from the other side of the mirrors. He took out the rubber tube – new – and rolled it between his fingers, just like he always did before he made love. *God Almighty what was he doing?* - - - - - - - - - - - - ►►

He was ending it. The fever made him stop, made him separate from his woman and be clean and love his mama again. Of course, his mama always loved him – always believed that inside his heart there was love. *Love*. Angel hadn't felt that in eons. He had grown used to feeling no attachments so that loving his woman would be easier. But now, now that his mama taught him what it meant again...now he felt too much. Angel couldn't bear it. When he slept he vividly saw the terrified eyes of his victims, heard their cries for help, saw their life ebb away from punctured and torn bodies. *Lord*, he even smelled the semi-sweetness of their fresh blood when he was awake and it was all killing him.

Not the fever. Not his addiction. Empathy. *Love. Feelings* and *emotions* were assaulting his heart and soul and making him see how despicable his woman had helped him be! For the first time since he was a boy Angel was human...and it was too much.

Angel pulled and twisted the rubber until the slight pinch that used to annoy him, but that he now welcomed, stung him. He slapped his arms three times (on his serpent), watching the faint pockmarks seemingly awaken, each like a hungry suckling child, waiting for its food. Angel watched, hypnotized by expectations, as the needle pierced his skin one last time.

He remembered what the first dealer he ever went to said. Something about never mixing the brown "more than thirty percent pure. You do, you die, and so does every other freak in there with you." Angel chuckled as he forced his woman onto himself, the warm burn entering his system quickly. He had mixed his sixty percent, and there was *no turning back*.

The first wave overtook Angel much more quickly than it ever had before. The room swam before his eyes and everything looked so funny! He laughed, then stopped laughing. It was harder to breathe – somebody had made him run for miles and miles – his heart raced uncontrollably.

*The eyes!* They all looked back at him, begging for mercy, condemning him to the hell that was surely awaiting him with a blood-stained grin and open arms. Angel was gasping now, paralyzed. He opened his mouth for a breath, momentarily tasting the salt of the tears he hadn't noticed streaming from his eyes. All the noises started dying.



Angel prayed for his mama, apologizing, and his sister pledging that newfound love.

There was no noise and his eyes hurt because the world had gotten so bright, but he couldn't squint. The silence was so dense it hurt his head, causing an unbearable pressure between his ears. Angel wanted to scream but he had long since stopped breathing. Suddenly he heard everything again crisply – the music screaming, people talking, whores rocking and groaning against the creaky leather, people entering and leaving the room.... Faintly Angel wondered which of them would find his dead body first, and which of them would die next.

Then a pop.

Then nothing.

Blood

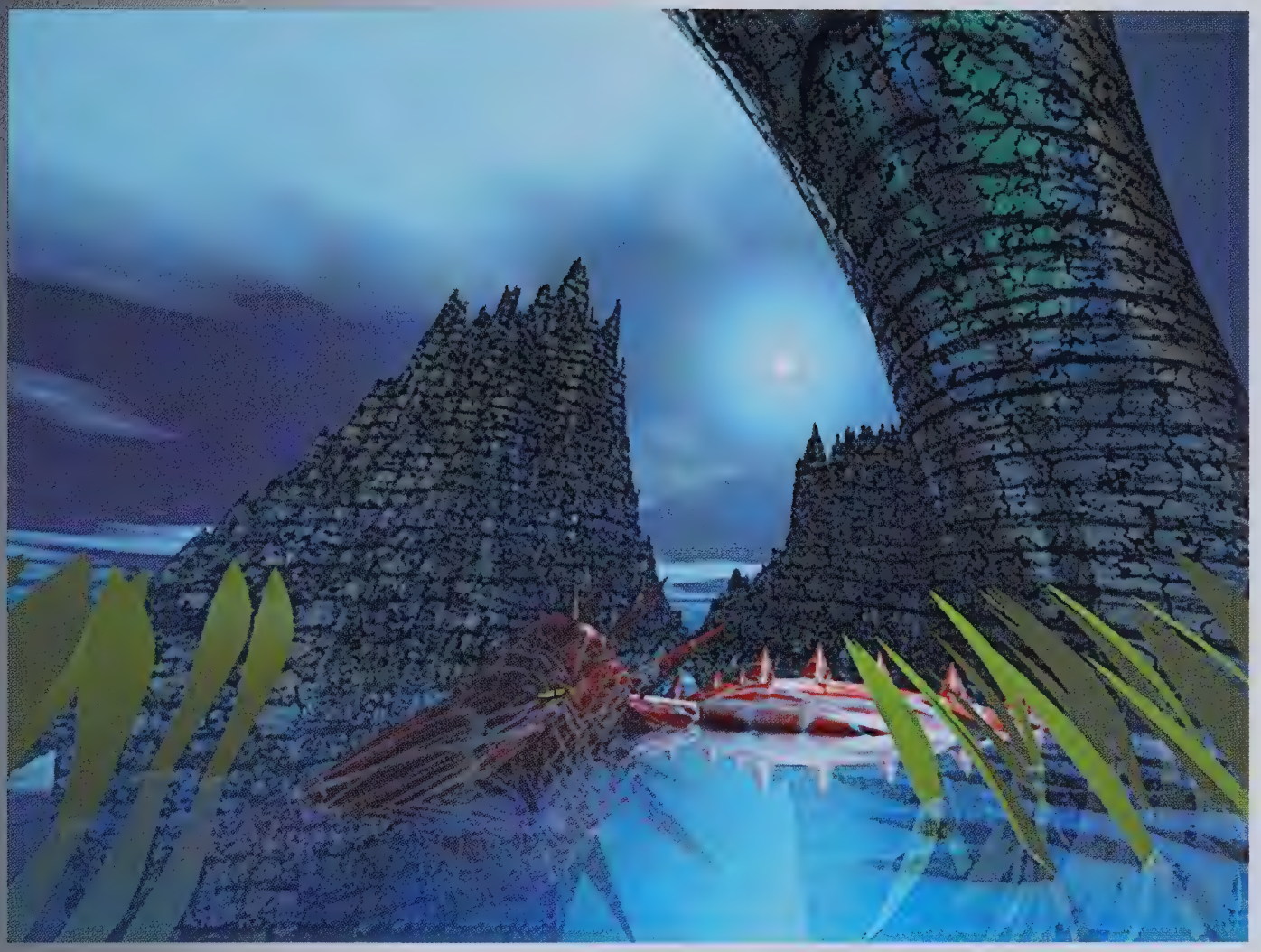
Kelley Clayton

2nd place

Art



It is the Key.



Spying Eyes

Jodie Steele

3rd place

Computer Generated Art



## Jerry Austin

Jerry feels that art is one of the purest forms of communication, and plans to sharpen his skills in this form after graduating by attending UNC Charlotte to earn a Bachelor's Degree in Fine Arts. He is also an outdoorsman, enjoying hiking and backpacking.



## Robert Boyd

## R. William Burnett

Mr. Burnett enjoys simply celebrating everything, and plans to 'spread his wings and fly' after graduation.



## Marianne Buttner

Photography and digital art fascinate Marianne. She feels the latter brings spontaneity and almost limitless possibilities to the "canvas."





## Kelley Clayton

A passionate student of the arts, Kelley is also interested by travel, puppets, movies, and working in the theater.



## Robert Durden

Robert Durden attends CPCC for the photograph program. Robert is an avid reader when he's n taking classes or pictures, and has read Heller *Catch 22* an amazing five times.

## Elizabeth Gleaves

Elizabeth is currently studying photography and attends both CPCC and UNCC. She hopes to take pictures professionally some day, but in the mean time, she is content printmaking and playing with her dog.



## Kate M. Gregory

A transfer student who plans to go on to UNC Charlotte for a doctorate in physics, Kate enjoys music, reading, movies, art, and just learning in general. Poetry for her, is "like a sneeze. The inclination of an idea builds...and then – POW – there it is on paper."





## Honour Heirs

Honour hopes to start a studio business doing fine arts, wedding photography, and portraiture after graduation. She enjoys literature, wine and cuisine, and teaching – she currently teaches classes at the Light Factory.



## Carolyn Ison

Her contribution, "Look at Me, I'm Flying," stems from a dream that came to mind when she was give a painting assignment, the subject being "flying. Carolyn also enjoys gardening, reading, and swimmin

## Kathy S. Jerolimic

After obtaining her Associate's Degree in fine arts, Kathy plans to transfer to Winthrop University. After she's there, however, we're sure she'll continue to enjoy photography, gardening, and crafting.



## Steelie Kluttz

Steelie spends her time doing "anything inspirational," which would include photography, reading, painting, and even playing pool. After graduation, she hopes to either attend the University of Texas at Austin, or start a family. Her only goal, though, is to be happy.





## Mimi Kortheuer

Mimi is a native of Salisbury, NC, and has spent most of her time (in 20 year bursts) in Charlotte, Washington D.C., and New York City. She is a graduate of Queens College, and worked as a professional violinist for the National Ballet Orchestra. Mimi is back in school to nurture her love of painting.



## Jane Love

Jane works as a graphic designer in Corporat Communications at *Royal Sun & Alliance*, an insuranc company. She feels her studies in Commercial Ar at CPCC lent a huge hand in her success

## Maria Elena Lozano

Maria has been a University Instructor, a psychologist, and a journalist. Now, she is living a dream come true by being published in Keystone. She hopes to one day have her own art show, displaying her works.



# Contributors

## Cathy McBride



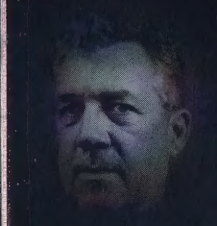
Cathy loves to paint, and is fascinated with the way color and light interact with each other, as is evident in her *Woman in the Light*. A graduate of Southwest Missouri State University, she now attends CPCC to further explore the mystery of color and light.

## William Mirrelees



William has had photography as an interest for over thirty years, but just recently enrolled in classes at CPCC to receive formal instruction on this medium to develop greater skills. He has a great love for photographing various scenic landscapes, but especially those of the North Carolina mountains.

## John Pflug



John feels that learning how to draw and to paint has been a process of learning to see.

## John Puszier



John is enrolled in the visual arts program and hopes to continue to show what he's learned by producing 'beautiful art, which has an influence on the souls of him and the onlookers.'
He believes "nature is the greatest teacher of them all."

## Anthony Rodriquez



Anthony is a quiet dude, and besides being this year's literary editor for *Keystone*, he is an accomplished writer gracing the office of the Spark with his constant calm presence.

## Melissa Sawyer



A college transfer student, Melissa's goals include being economically secure while working the least amount of hours.

## Dan Simeone



Dan has immersed himself in the realm of photography, and plans to graduate in the spring of 2001. Afterwards, he plans to work towards earning his BA. He enjoys helping others by teaching.

## William G. Snyder



Bill is slated to leave the hallowed halls of CPCC in fall 2000, after getting a degree in business management. He currently works at Carolina's Medical Center as a buyer.

## Jessica Anne Squires

Originally from Wisconsin, Jessica has been studying theater and English at CPCC. She likes to write poetry and enjoys listening to music.

**M.I.A.**

## Jodie R. Steele



After graduating this fall, Jodie plans to do freelance graphic design, to study music, and to enjoy life. She believes spontaneity brings forth the most interesting art. Her interests include piano, music, exotic parrots, and fantasy.

## Emmie Tuller



Emmie lives for enjoying herself to the fullest, which, of course, "is sometimes not as easy as it seems." She is enrolled in the visual arts/photography program at CPCC. For her there are two rules: truth & fulfillment.

## Darlene Watts



Photography, sewing, and baking are what occupy Darlene's time. She is enrolled in CPCC not to graduate, but to expand the horizons of her knowledge.

## Alice Walters



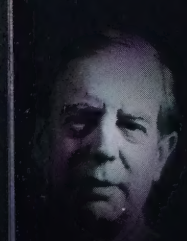
Married with three teenage children, Alice has many options to choose from after graduation. Some of these include working towards a Bachelor's degree in Fine Arts, and going into the field of Art Therapy. Her painting "Flying Pianos," is symbolic of her family and the musical instruments they play.

## Nathan Warren



A digital art contributor to *Keystone*, Nathan enjoys manipulating reality on the computer. He enjoys baseball, golf, and photography, which explains his enrollment in the photography program, here at CPCC.

## Gary Weiss



A multiple contributor to *Keystone*, Gary recently graduated with an A.A.S. in travel and tourism this past spring and is eager to plunge into yet another round of "doing something with life."

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# Editorial Staff

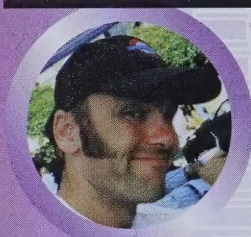
## DESIGN EDITOR



### Sean Pfost

A native of Cape Hatteras, NC (that's an island), Sean is the man behind the myth at Keystone. He has served faithfully (and somewhat loudly) as Design Editor, always stretching the limits of creativity and technology to set a new standard for those after us. His vision has made what you hold in your hands what it is, although he was never alone in the brainstorming process. He plans to graduate from the Advertising Design Program in the summer of 2000. He is also a really cool guy – in a beach bum sort of way.

## PHOTOGRAPHY EDITOR



### Jeff Andrews

Jeff is a hybrid in almost every sense of the word–There are two sides to every story, and his are on either side of the Atlantic. Jeff moved to Fort Lauderdale, FL from Portsmouth, England when he was thirteen. After high school, he served in the Air Force in California, and came to North Carolina after his tenure in 1992. He graduated CPCC in 1997 with a degree in Graphic Arts, and is now pursuing the more creative side of publishing in Advertising/Graphic Design. He currently designs and produces screen printed shirts for Contagious Graphics.

## LITERARY EDITOR



### Anthony Rodriguez

If there were ever a silent member, he'd be it. A staunch advocate of procrastination (only because it aids the creative process), Anthony, as Literary Editor, claims to be merely an average writer. He tried his best to do a decent job (and to not sound cocky while writing his own bio) – but it was all for the sake of art. He's crazy about suga-coated dark chocolate.

## KEYSTONE ADVISOR



### Lisa-Gaye Hall

Lisa-Gaye Hall likes to pretend that she is superwoman. Besides advising the Keystone and the Spark staffs, and the Student Programming Board, LG is excited about starting a Women's Resource Center at CPCC this year. Never one to sit still, she is earning a master's degree at UNCC, and taking guitar lessons in her spare time. She loves camping, sailing, hiking, and a little dog named Jack. She is a very proud "mother" of this particular Keystone magazine, though she staunchly refuses to say whether she thinks it's better or worse than last year's!

# Misc. Debris



Jeff's thank-you's:
I would like to thank the God that is in and around all of us for talents revealed and unrevealed. Very special thanks to Mum for always being there, Dad for my drive and work ethic, Chris for inspiration, Colin for comic relief, and the rest of my family for wonderful memories. Special thanks to Jerry Howell, Frank Granger, and Jobea Lindley for an encouraging start to a long journey; to Steve Munsell @ Contagious Graphics for being a good boss, a good friend, and a great printer. To James Spence and Barbara Kasler for helping me see, Tom Pfahlert and Evie Henderson for making me feel like I belong so quickly, Tony and Rob for being the best roomates possible and for teaching me bits of the most important thing -life.
The people *most* deserving of my gratitude while working on this magazine; L.G. Hall for being a second Mum, Crista Cammaroto, for selfless devotion of time , knowledge, and that cool laugh, and finally Sean Pfost and Anthony Rodriguez for making sure that our little family saw this through.

Sean's thank-you's:
God in heaven for His sacrifice.
My parents for their unconditional love and support (not to mention the computer that produced this magazine).
Jeana for love and patience.
L.G. for constructive criticism and patience.
Jeff for help, knowledge, & great photos.
Anthony for oooh's, aaah's, & superb writing.
Lonzo for being an awesome roomate.
Every Teacher, Colleague, Friend I ever had.

Anthony's thank-you's:
Jon, Dave, Myra, Kat, Kev, Mom, Abe for the unconditional support in all the projects I undertake.
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Friends, (Scott, Art, Chris, Leon, Ives, Jared & co., etc.) for listening to the boring parts of all the projects I undertake.
Chris Page, for the Spark memories & the assists on Mojo and Deelio.
All the Spark staff members that I ever had the privilege of working with.
Carrie, for sharing the art, music, ideas, honesty...and opening my eyes to possibilities.
L.G. - just for being the grooviest advisor I've ever known, and for freakin' out (in a loving way) on deadlines.
Sean and Jeff for making me feel not so bad when you talk all that technical jive, and for making this magazine what it is.
Kim and Cathy for all the much-needed help.
Brian Anderson for the fine-tuning in the writing department.
Mike Osborne for the encouragement and enlightenment.
Harry Keuper (in New York) for all the instruction - in writing, problem solving, and in analyzation - which you provided in my most formative years.
And my sole inspiration for everything...thank you for listening at the right times and talking me through the rough ones...and just being you.

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Some pieces have been edited for publication.

2000 Submission Information
Submissions will be accepted in the Spring Semester of 2000. You must have been a registered CPCC student during one of these semesters to be eligible: Fall 1999, or Spring 2000. Full-time, part-time, or adjunct staff of Central Piedmont Community College are not eligible for entry. All work must have been completed since first enrollment at CPCC. All work must be previously unpublished; writers/artists retain all rights to their work. Entries are juried anonymously by judges outside the CPCC community. For more information, call Student Publications at 330-6665 or visit Van Every 109A.

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..Mark Helms, for always carving out a generous portion of the Student Life budget for us.

..Vera O'Pry, for her patience in the bidding process.

..Tom Covington, for taking a zillion and one pictures and never losing his cool.

..Tracie Marks, Johnnie Roach, and Tracy Moore for their helpful hints - and help with the opening reception.



Keystone
1999